Of all his glory, when he was ſeated in
A Chariot of an ineſtimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and ſhriveld
Vp thoſe bodies even to loathing, for they ſo ſtunke,
That all thoſe eyes addor'd them ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand ſhould give them buriall.

Eſcanes. It was very ſtrange.

Hell. And yet but juſtice; for though this King were great,
His greatneſſe was no guard to barre heavens ſhaft,
By ſinne had his reward.

Eſcan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,
Or counſell, hath reſpect with him but he.

2. *Lord.* It ſhall no longer greeve without reproofe.

3. *Lord.* And curſt be he that will not ſecond it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know that our griefes are riſen to the top,
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your ſelfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince doe live, let us ſalute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he live, wee'l ſeeke him out:
If in his grave he reſt, wee'l finde him there,
And be reſolv'd, he lives to governe us:
Or dead, give's cauſe to morne his Funerall,
And leave us to our free Election.

2 *Lord.* Whoſe death indeed: the ſtrongeſt in our cenſure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble ſelfe,
That beſt knowes how to rule and how to raigne,
We thus ſubmit unto our Soveraigne,

Omnes.

Omnes. Live noble *Hellica*
Hell. Try honours cauſe; fo
If that you love Prince *Pericl*
(Take I your wiſh, I leape in
Where's hourely trouble, for
A twelve-moneth longer, let
To forbeare the abſence of you
If in which time expirde, he
I ſhall with aged patience bea
But if I cannot win you to thi
Goe ſearch like Nobles, like n
And in your ſearch, ſpend you
Whom if you finde, and winn
You ſhall like Diamonds ſit ab

1. *Lord.* To wiſedome, hee'
And ſince Lord *Hellican* enjoy
We with our travels will ende

Hell. Then you love us, we
When Peeres thus knit, a King

Enter the King readin
and the Knig

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to

King. Knights, from my dau
That for this twelve-month,
A married life: her reaſon to h
Which from her by no meanes

2. *Knight* May we not get a

King. Faith by no meanes,
Tyed her to her Chamber, tha
One twelve Moones more ſhe
This by the eye of *Cinthia* hath
And on her Virgin honour wi

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farw

King. So, they are well diſp
Now to my daughters Letter
Shee'l wed the ſtronger Knigh

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Pericles* (STC 22339) LONDON, 1635 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA